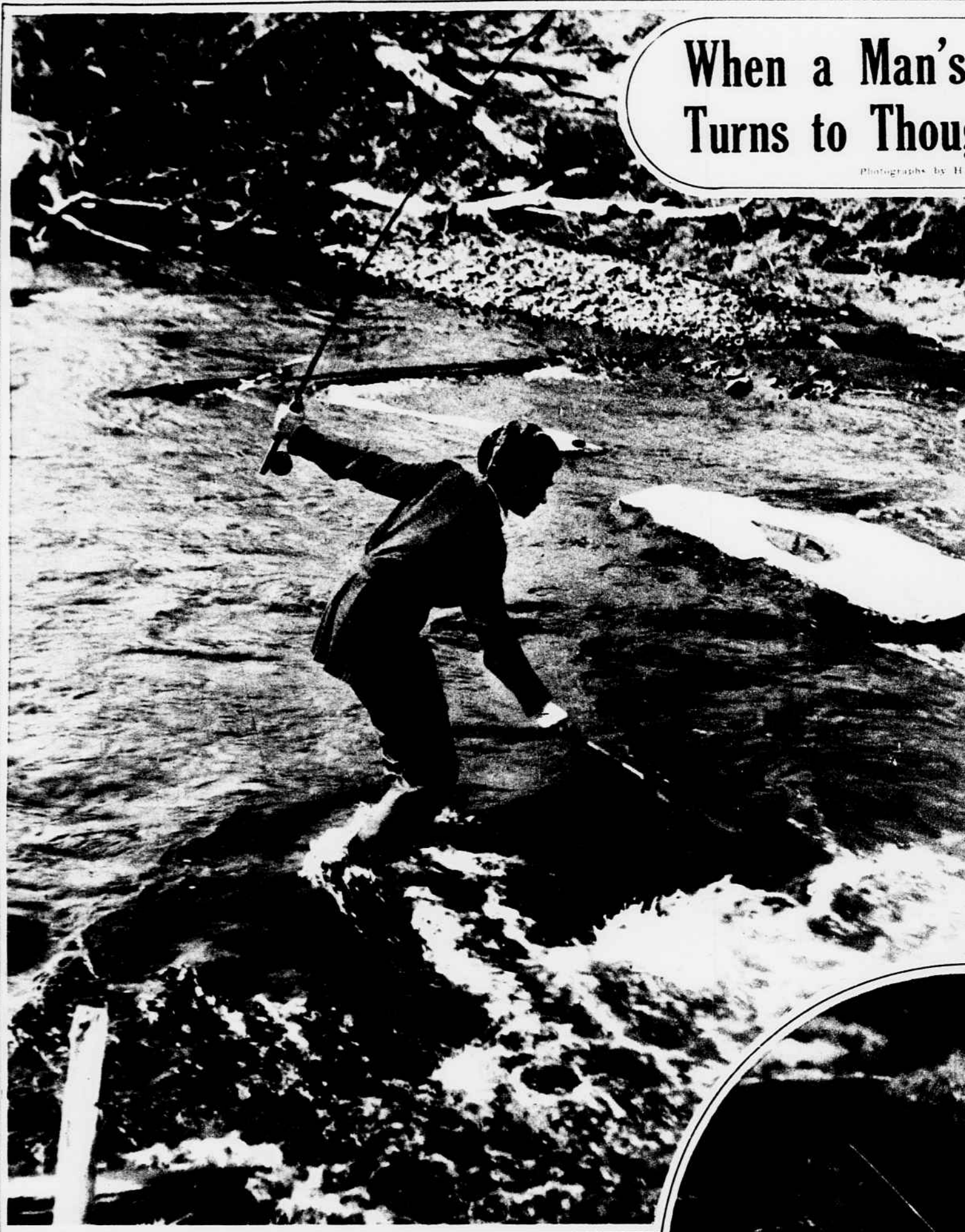


When a Man's Fancy Lightly Turns to Thoughts of Fishing

Photographs by H. Armstrong Roberts.



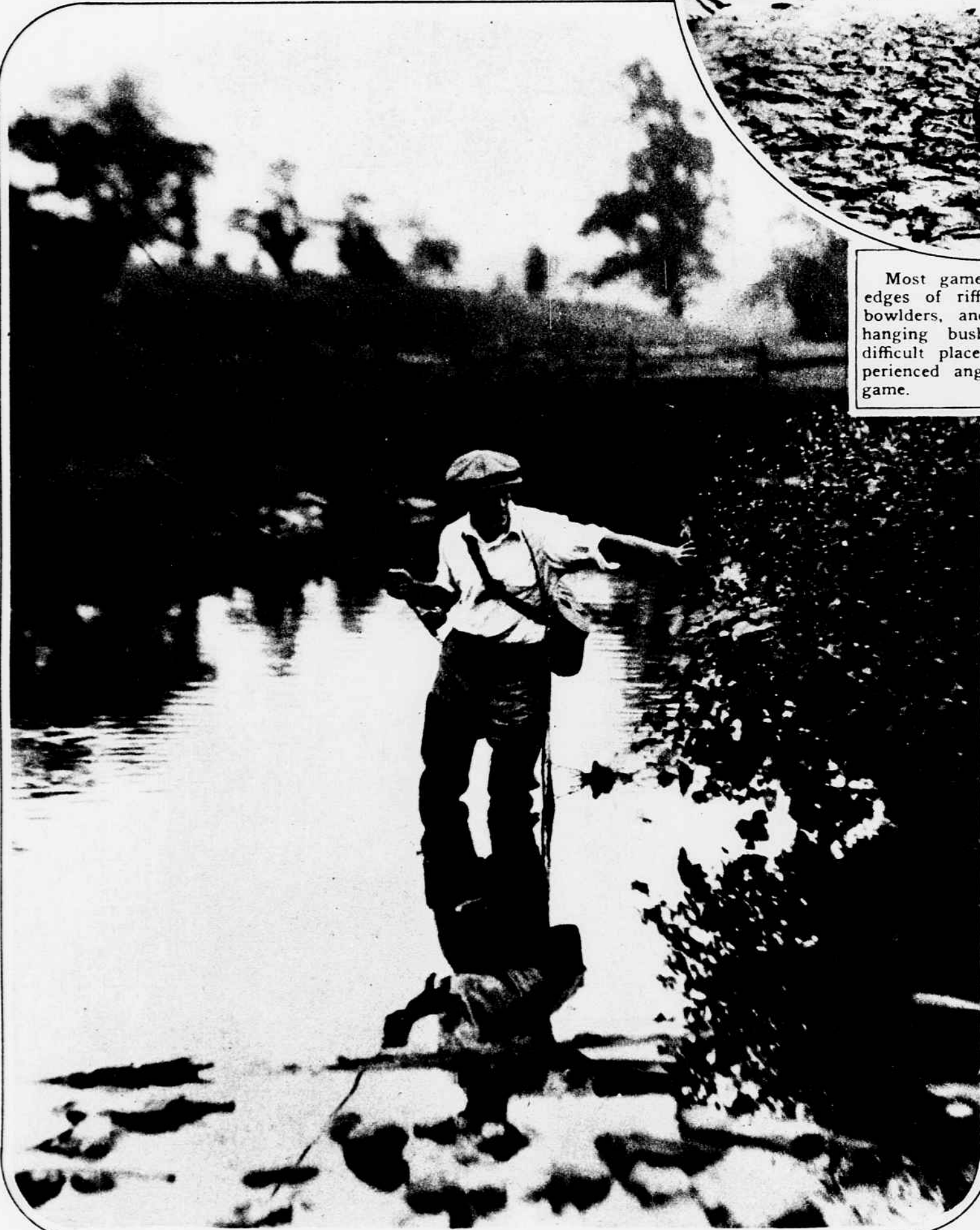
The thrill that comes once in a fishing season, when the finny member is netted in the nick of time. Had he reached the tumbling water below, there would have been great danger of losing him.



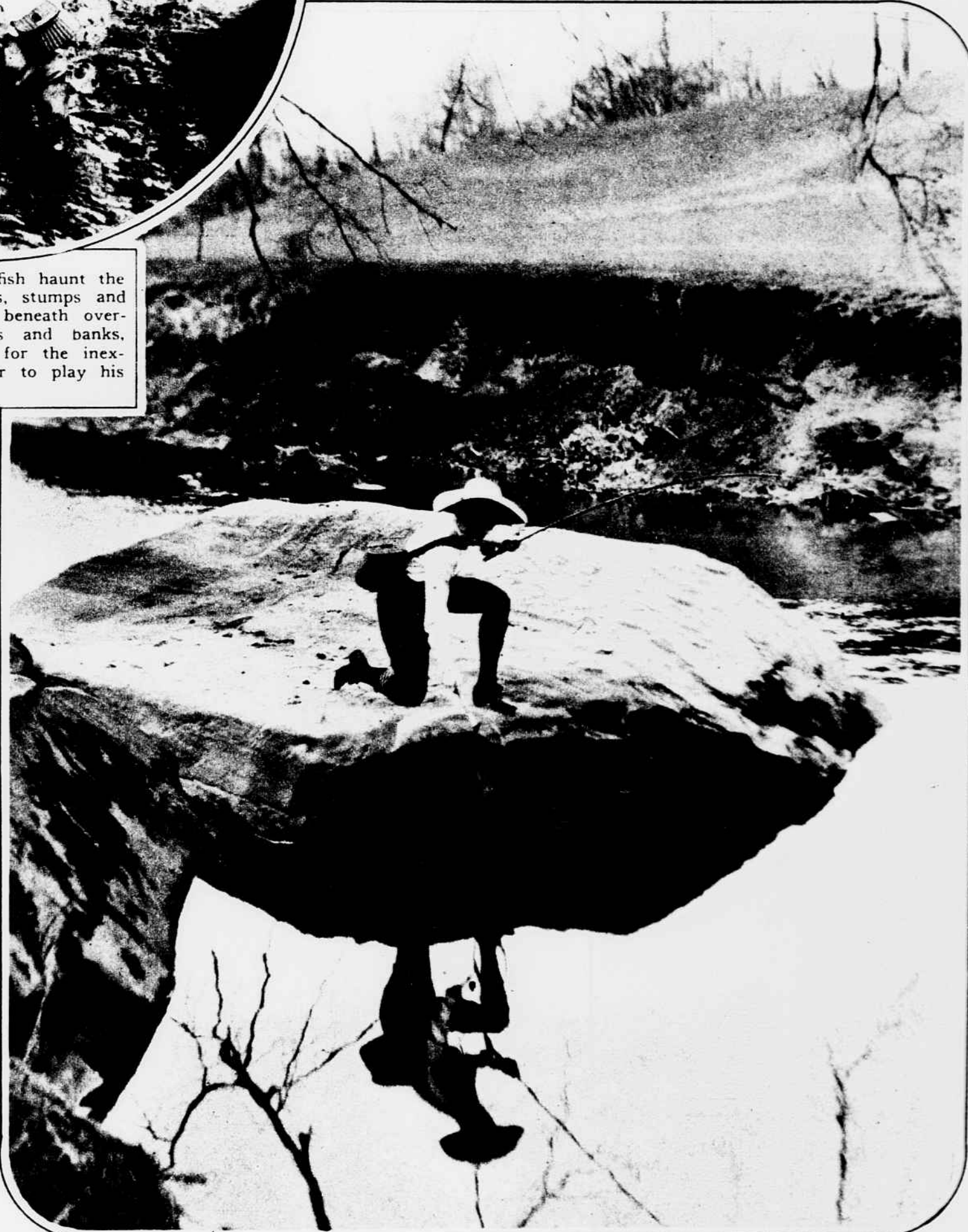
As a rule, the fisherman who fills his creel is the one who has familiarized himself with the ways of fish—their peculiar habits and haunts, their modes of feeding and insect life. Such a fisherman is better equipped to locate and outwit his adversaries.



Most game fish haunt the edges of riffles, stumps and bowlders, and beneath overhanging bushes and banks, difficult places for the inexperienced angler to play his game.



The trout is more diligently sought than any other fish. It inhabits a greater range of waters than any other fish, and the speckled beauty is about the choicest morsel that ever graced a broiler.



The true fisherman (or fisherwoman, as the case may be) has found that it is one thing to have a fish accept the bait, and quite another matter to get him safely landed in the net.